

BLOOMSBURYDAY

Virginia and Leonard, Vanessa and Duncan,
Vida and Harold, E.M. and Lytton,

Maynard and Clive and the monetary system,
Maurice and Mrs. Dalloway and the Malabar eroticism,

Mrs. Keppel's daughter and the lives of the Victorians,
Orlando's bi-gendering and Sissinghurst's white gardens,

never scared the horses, never made the tabloids,
never spiked the laudanum, Battenberged or Windsored,

envoy and artist, country squire, groundskeeper,
essayist and vicar, never smashed the mirrors,

tumbled London bridges, nor jettisoned the tea-things,
but mended all the carpets, dusted all the landings,

locked the dare of orgies behind stiff upper lips,
hailed proper traps and broughams on the way to group sex.

THE EXISTENTIALIST

There was no other conveyance at hand.
So they put her on top of the garbage truck
that struck her, and took her to the hospital. And
that proved to have been a salubrious CPR quirk.
Because, once they had trimmed off all the grapefruit rinds,
lettuce leaves, carrot tops, and empty milk
cartons and condoms, she'd started to breathe again.

— Marvin Solomon

Baltimore MD

ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS IN LIFE WHERE
NOTHING IS GOING ON BUT THE RENT

The cat was sitting there looking
up at me and I was standing there
looking down at him.

"Hey, Max," I said, "it's just you
and me waiting for the next thing
to happen."